The Bystander, July 12, 1916.—No. 658. Vol. LI

The BYSTANDER

PASSED BY CENSOR

ALAS! POOR HERR VON YORICK!

FRICOURT—JULY, 1916

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

STRIKING A BALANCE

A Breathing-Space

THE Battle of the Somme has reached the familiar stage at which each side chivalrously concerns itself with the enormous losses of the other. That is usually a stage where offensive aspirations modify themselves in accord with the resources and capacities of the General Staffs. On the French side, the generalship seems to have been up to the usual level; while, on our side, added to the greatly improved Staff work, the gallantry of the troops elicits special admiration and the certainty that that gallantry will at last achieve victory.

Is Our Success Less?

ONE often derives the impression that British successes are less than French when the two armies are fighting side by side. But there is quite a simple explanation of this. The *terrain* has been generally more difficult where our own forces are concerned.

Our "Cousins"

MOREOVER, it is well-known that the enemy always honours us, as his hated "cousins," by placing before us his best battalions. This shows that, whether we appreciate ourselves, or whether our Allies appreciate us, or not, at any rate our enemy appreciates us.

Fine French Fighters

AT the same time, one has so often been given to understand that the French and British commands are united that it is a little difficult to understand why the degree of success should vary as it seems to do. After all, the French are in the sixth month of a struggle for dear life round Verdun, where they have needed to strain every nerve to keep out the enemy, while during those six months our own forces have been comparatively inactive. That the French should even appear to possess greater energy and initiative is remarkable.

Why Do Our Official Writers Seem So Bored?

THE impression of British lack of success may be more apparent than real, and due to the exceeding lack of skill in the writing of *communiqués*. When the French announce a victory they seem to set it forth with so much more of the dramatic touch and sense of proportion. A British success is too often recorded baldly, and does not appear to interest the writer nearly as much as those achievements of aeroplanes and kite balloons which occupy so much of his space.

ALLIES

An interesting photograph of M. Briand, the French Premier, in a light-hearted conversation with Mme. Iswolsky outside the Russian Embassy in Paris

The Prussian Guard Once More Decimated

IT is pleasing to see that our old friend the Prussian Guard has once more suffered decimation. If and when the Germans annex Great Britain, I shall use all the resources of intrigue to avoid the enlistment of any of my belongings in the Prussian Guard, the sole prerogative of membership of which is that one may be decimated. I would sooner be an Austrian; for the Austrians, while decimated even more frequently, do appear to enjoy before decimation many of the amenities of life. One never reads of the Prussian Guard having any genial qualities or weaknesses whatever. And yet I suppose the same Creator made them as was inadvertently, and in a moment of wrath, responsible for the other German tribes.

One More Peer

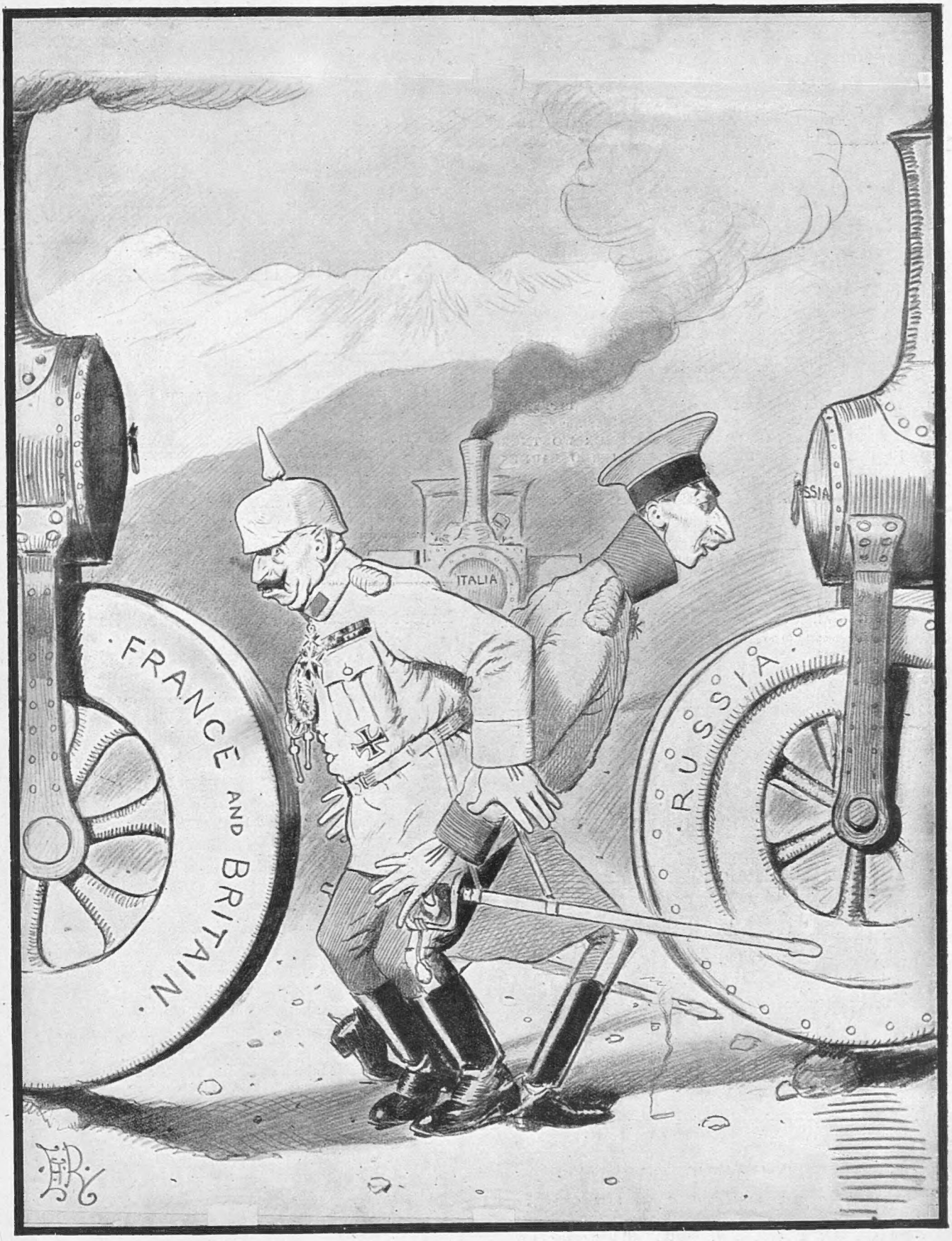
HEARTIEST congratulations to Earl Grey of Falloden. It will be enormously to his benefit, after years of life in the exclusive and reticent atmosphere of the Commons, to find himself among the frank, breezy, outspoken and democratic Peers. He will now be able to speak his mind on Foreign Affairs quite often—to men who know something about Foreign Affairs, and who are always ready and eager to improve their knowledge.

If He Had Only Been There All Along!

IT is probable that had Sir Edward Grey been in the Lords all along the country might have got to know something of what was going on on the Continent, and then we might, by adequate preparation, have been enabled to take the offensive earlier in the war.

(*Continued on page 54*)

Not in the Original Programme



THE ALL-LOWEST (Silly Willy): "I say, Papa; I don't remember anything in Bernhardi about three or four 'Steam-Rollers' going over us all at once, do you?!!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. 2.30 and 8 p.m.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER, LYDIA KYASHT, LUCY NUTTALL QUARTETTE, FAY COMPTON and STANLEY LOGAN, NICHOLAS ADAMS, STANLEY KIRKBY & HARRY HUDSON, JEAN LATONA, etc. 'Phone—Ger. 7511.

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Managing Director, ARTHUR COLLINS.
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The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

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Signature.....

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, 1*d.* per copy, Canada, under 11lb. 1½*d.* To any other part of the world the weight would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

Admirals All

WHO HELPED TO MAKE HISTORY IN THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND

Photograph *Central News*
Vice-Admiral SIR CECIL BURNEY, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

Photograph *Lafayette*
Rear-Admiral W. C. PAKENHAM, C.B.

Photograph *Central News*
The late Rear-Admiral THE HON. HORACE A. L. HOOD, C.B., D.S.O.

Photograph *Central News*
Vice-Admiral SIR DAVID BEATTY, K.C.B.

Photograph *Central News*
VICE-ADMIRAL SIR DOVETON STURDEE, BART., K.C.B., C.M.G.

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*
REAR-ADMIRAL ALEXANDER L. DUFF, C.B.

Photograph *Lafayette*
VICE-ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS JERRAM, K.C.B.

All mentioned in Admiral Sir John Jellicoe's despatch as Leaders of Divisions in the North Sea Fight, or as having otherwise rendered most valuable service on that occasion to their King and Country

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 50)

What Are Our Politics Now?

What Our Leaders Have Done

WILL any political naturalist kindly tell us exactly what we now are—we "Unionists," that is to say? You see, Mr. Lloyd George's Irish "Settlement" leaves us without any convictions otherwise than such as may have been secured in the police courts. The Union of Great Britain and Ireland which, in our youth, we were willing to defend to the last drop of our bones—I mean blood—has been scratched. Our revered leaders, in order to retain their places in this most indispensable of Cabinets, have granted to the less-loyal portions of Ireland the right to rule themselves in a capital that was recently the scene of an organised and bloody rebellion fomented against the British King by William II. of Prussia.

THE LATE LORD ELCHO

Eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss and March, was killed in action at Katia in the Egyptian desert, on returning into the fight after having been twice wounded

Swallowing Our Principles

IF there ever had been an occasion when we "Unionists" might reasonably have been expected to be loyal to our principles it would be the moment when they had proved to be right. Instead of which . . . we swallow them.

The Danger of Being a "Unionist"

THERE is now no such thing, officially, as a "Unionist." I am not altogether sure that to call oneself such is not to risk being shot at dawn, or interned under the Defence of the Cabinet Act, or fined £200 and costs. As a loyal and respectable citizen, therefore, THE BYSTANDER hereby publicly repudiates the Union of Great Britain and Ireland, and implores the police not to suspect that he had ever been so shocking a thing as a "Unionist." But he will be eternally obliged if, as asked above, some naturalist will tell him what *are* his politics, so that he may be ready with the proper answer when some policeman or competent military authority next seizes him.

Forgot "Conservative," Though

"CONSERVATIVE"? Why, of course. We had forgotten we had that *alias*. By the way, what is a "Conservative" just now, and what in particular does he "conserve"? Gooseberries, perhaps?

Is Anything Safe?

THE Union having been sold, there seems little reason to hope that the Church, the Land, the Lords, the Brewers, or any of our other ancient idols are safe from desecration, especially in view of the fact that the new High Priest of our Baal is one David Lloyd George, formerly of Limehouse. Whither will he lead us? To victory, perhaps? Well, we hope so. If he does not, it will not be for lack of appreciation and encouragement in the news-sheets of our faith.

FROM GREATER BRITAIN

Parliamentary Delegates of the King's Dominions Oversea who were entertained at luncheon at the House of Commons on July 4 by the Empire Parliamentary Association—and some of their hosts

Earl Curzon's Eldest Daughter

Photograph *Rita Martin*

LADY IRENE CURZON

Eldest daughter of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, whose engagement to Mr. Guy Benson, son of Mr. R. H. Benson, of Buckhurst, Sussex, was announced recently

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

"It would have to be called 'The Blue 'Un'"

LONDON, *July* 10, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

I WANT to talk about the war, of course—for since the Great Push really and truly at last started we've thought of very little else in London now, and nothing else has really very much mattered. The vastness of it, and the awfulness, and all the vibrant future that hangs upon it, have overshadowed everything.

* *

AND as we watched and waited and heard the dull, faint echo of the giant guns and marked with sinking hearts the silent motor-ambulances and read of the fine spirit and the gallantry and glorious doings of our men, they all slid into a shadowy background — all the little things of everyday life and living. But it's no use, I simply can't be so cheery as no doubt I ought to be about it—the price even of victory is so awfully high—isn't it?—and, also, I've been pulled up short by the letter "Venturer" wrote to THE BYSTANDER from the trenches last week.

* *

"WE'VE been for weary nerve-racking months in hell, and we chaps out here are the last who wish to hear the war even mentioned. . . . We are in it, never quite get away from it, and know just as much of it as we want to. . . . We want you to help us forget for a day or two, to tell us of all the things we did and loved doing, before. . . .

"NOW if *I* ran THE BYSTANDER I should fill it up with sky-high articles on London as it was—it must be like a chorus-girl in mourning now. I would get all kinds of nice people to write them — some would have heliotrope noses and inventive memories, and *pasts* which the cat would run away from. . . ."

* *

IT would have to be called "The Blue 'Un," wouldn't it? And I can see them falling upon us like rain in June, all the letters from all the people asking if we knew there was a war on. But it might be just a bit *vieux jeu*, don't you think so? Might as well be dead as out of the movement these days, and I suppose, after all, war *is* the movement of the moment, though we do do such a lot of other things as well.

* *

APROPOS, as I've often told you, "not much of the chorus-girl in mourning" touch in London—even now. No-lights don't matter since we took to summer-time, and the no-drinks arrangement makes the drinks taste all the nicer when you *do* get them.

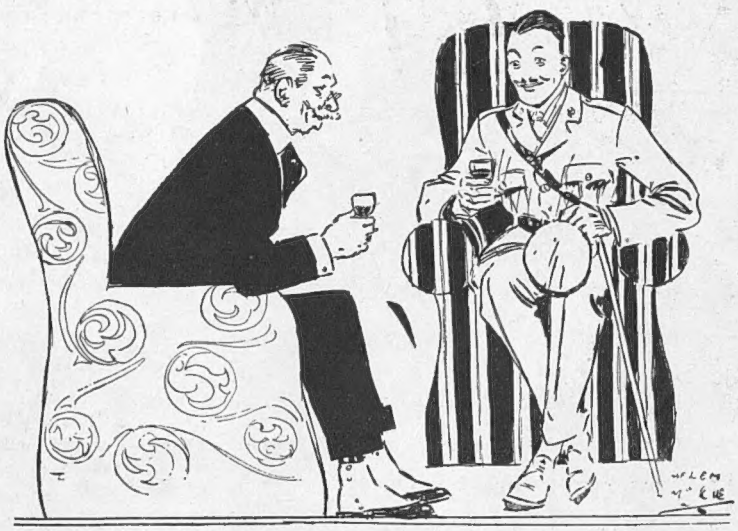
* *

FOR the rest—well, *I* can't think of anything we really want that we're really doing without because of the war in London now. Society keeps its spirits up by day with charity shows galore and at night there are dances, discreet but delightful, and dinners (they aren't feeling the servant shortage *very* badly in Mayfair yet), and the useful Beecham once again providing us with such smart opera that someone even wore a tiara at the Aldwych one night last week, and the Best and Brightest trot about between the acts of *Boris, Tristan, The Magic Flute*, and *Phœbus and Pan* same as they always used to.

* *

NEITHER do they exactly repine in less distinguished circles. People still motor, the new revues are born weekly as expected, and if there's a slump one week it's "House Full" everywhere the next, which keeps the scales fairly even. Tea-time dancing, and supper-time, too, is going strong as ever at the erstwhile night-clubs; there's the Theatrical Garden Party just exactly as usual at the Botanic; and London's got a

(Continued on page 57)



"Makes the drinks taste all the nicer when you get them"

new idol—Jimmy Wilde, the freak flyweight boxing champion!

* *

So, you see, we're getting along quite all right, thank you, aren't we? Even to the summer sales.

"'My dear Blanche—Nyasaland is quite a distinct place . . . .'"

Never, they tell me, has the rush been so immense. Motors have waited in rows for hours and hours in Hanover Square and Dover Street. And one shop had to be protected by the police—or the attack of the gentler sex would have wrecked the place! Which reminds me, Lord Haldane's to call attention to the training of the nation and the necessity of preparing for the future in the Lords this week, and next week's a National War Savings one, got up by the N.W.S.C. Rather looks as if they might both of them save themselves the trouble.

* *

War changes everything, doesn't it, even our most cherished traditions and beliefs? It gives some rather nasty knocks to our old fixed ideas. We've positively been brought up, haven't we, in the conviction that the French were degenerate and frivolous? But however that may be, now that the great crisis has come they've shown, as someone remarks, "not only efficiency, but also spiritual fervour—a fervour which permeates the sentiment of patriotism and gives beauty to the tradition of nationality."

* *

Seems to show that the old Victorian standards of morality aren't much use for judging the modern fighting man by. And just as we've gone back to the shields and the catapults and the helmets and daggers of early times, so have the ancient virtues returned to favour. It's youth, strength, physical endurance, full-bloodedness, the simplicity of the animal that counts now. They've rather gone to the wall, the subtler refinements and more finicky hair-splitting qualities which had our chief admiration in peace-time days.

* *

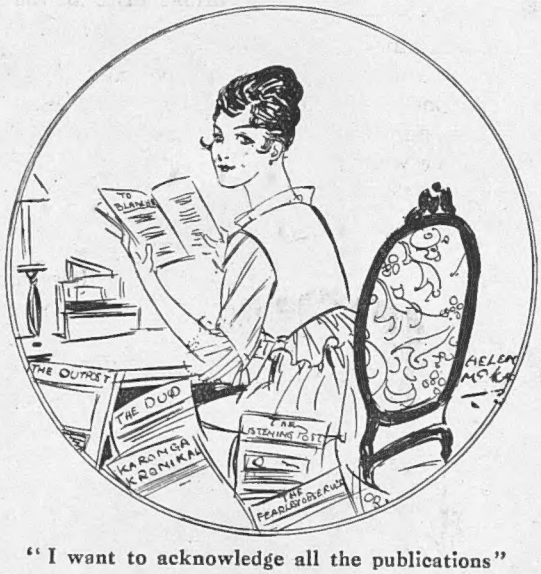
Even the unexpected does happen sometimes. Witness—*I've just won a Prize in a Gun-Room Cake Competition!* Yes, the shock *was* rather severe, 'specially when I heard that ladies helped in the judging—the first time, by the way, there've been ladies in the gun-room since the war began—and candid friends tell me that peacocks haven't been in it beside the puffed-up pride of my demeanour since it happened. Not even an intimation that I'm to be invited to enter for a Gun-Room Sweet-Making Competition has depressed me—the domestic virtues are *so* fashionable in war-time. And the shops, thank goodness, as useful in time of need as ever.

* *

But the dragon-dog, you know, is sorry it ever happened—about me and the cake and the Merry Lads of the Gun Pit, I mean. The prize, you see, was a boatswain's pipe, chain, and inscription and anchors all complete. Being the very last thing in toys it, of course, comes out for walks with us, and when I blow it my bit of fluff from Pekin nearly faints with rage and vexation. He comes of an ancient and patrician race, and simply hates whistles.

* *

Talking of acquiring virtue, I really think I've learnt more geography since the war than I ever crammed in all the time at school. You see, when some nice man you've never heard of writes you a nice letter from an obviously not nice place you've never heard of either you naturally look it up on the map just to get a *few* bearings, anyway.



"I want to acknowledge all the publications"

* *

"My dear Blanche," writes one nice man, "Nyasaland is quite a distinct place from British East Africa—there is the territory of the Huns in between. But, of course, before the war, no one had ever heard of it. For many months after my first arrival in this country my letters came addressed to South Africa, and people used to ask me to look up their friends in Johannesburg or meet them on the coast—just as if it were like going to Brighton for the week-end."

* *

He's training native recruits for the King's African Rifles, and says that owing to lack of sufficient numbers our men have been sitting down at Karonga for nearly two years—" and the place is no health

(Continued on page 58)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (continued from page 57)

resort, I can tell you. But I think things are going all right about German East, though most of the officials are feeling the pinch pretty badly. So many, owing to the war, have outstayed their normal time of service—two and a half years is the maximum. This country doesn't do one's health any good, one's memory absolutely goes 'phut,' and as for the South Africans who began coming up about last September, they've been invalided home in scores."

⁂ ⁂

HE sends me the last "Karonga Kronikal"—"now that things are happening the 'powers' don't allow so much license"—which I think is yet one proof more of what our men are capable of, spite of all the disadvantages of climate and everything else, and in which I like best this. Chief characters—an official returning to Nyasaland with newly married wife. Scene—a very small coasting steamer. Time—about midnight.

⁂ ⁂

DECK space very limited. Heat intense. All passengers lying on deck very close together. All very sleepy and very uncomfortable. Official aforesaid starts stroking the foot of his companion. Leaves off, but starts again later and receives a very tired "Oh, *don't* do that!" He replied, "But you didn't mind it just now." Another still tireder voice from his other side: "But that was *my* foot!"

⁂ ⁂

I WANT to acknowledge, too, with many, many thanks, several other publications—all active service ones. "The Dud," which the K.S.L.I. send out "not to reform the world"; the "Fearless Observer," which is a Senior Service publication; the "Fifth Glosters' Gazette," in which the thing-we-want-to-know is "Who Is Blanche's Correspondent?"; "The Outpost," sent me by the 17th Battalion H.L.I.; "The Listening Post," a product of several Canadian infantry battalions, which someone says "just smells of the trenches," and one or two others.

⁂ ⁂

AND a whole book of poems from one of the "salt of the earth"—you know who they are, of course—delightfully inscribed by the author "To Blanche, who has helped so much to enliven the tedium of waiting for *Der Tag*." There's a whole one—poem, I mean, all for me, but I'm too modest to give you all but the last few lines, which show what risks these sailormen do take, doesn't it?

> "Later on, one fine day if I can,
> To woo you and wed you's my plan,
> For I know you're a dear,
> But, alas! Blanche, I fear,
> You'll be married to some other man."

⁂ ⁂

IN the book proper the poems are—well, rather more poetic, don't you know. Naturally one's Muse does go off colour a bit when you're proposing to a strange lady who, according to quite a few clever ones, "knows *much* too much to be a girl."

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

WOMAN'S WEAPONS

BETTY: "Beauty is only skin deep"
DAPHNE: "Even then it often isn't strong enough to get to the surface"

Eton Beats Harrow—But Not at "Lord's"

HARROW BOYS AND FRIENDS

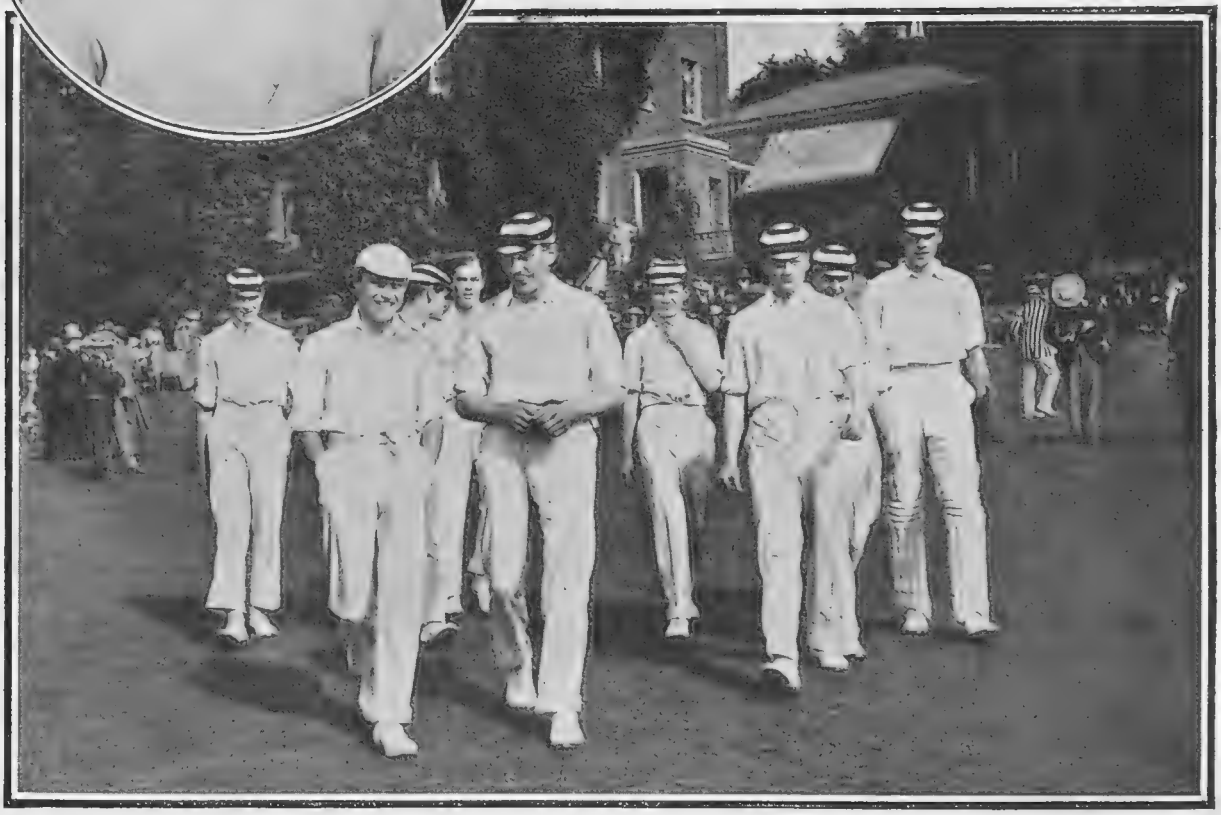
Watch the match from the shade of the trees that border the school ground

N. A. PEARSON

Captain of the winning Eton XI., who made 26 runs and took three wickets for 16. He is the son of Sir Arthur Pearson, and as well as being Cricket Captain, he is Head of his House, Keeper of Fives, and Chairman of "Pop"

LORD KINGSBOROUGH (Eton)

Leaving the field, bowled by L. H. K. Gregson after making 16



Photographs *Sport and General*

ETON GOING OUT TO FIELD AGAINST HARROW

In the first of the two one-day matches arranged for this year, instead of the usual two-day match at Lord's, played at Harrow on July 4. The Eton team won comfortably by 88 runs, Harrow failing after a good start. In this picture the Eton captain, N. A. Pearson, and Lord Kingsborough are seen leading the team into the field

BELLICOSITIES

APROPOS Mr. Churchill's series of articles in a Sunday contemporary, many protests have appeared against the practice of late Cabinet Ministers writing for the Press. All of them are in papers other than the one that got the goods.

❋

WE quite agree with Mr. Asquith in refusing to make August 4 a Day of Humiliation. If any of our busybodies happen to be feeling humble on this occasion, however, there will be not the slightest objection to their being humble all on their own on August 4.

❋

"WE have taken," says a Russian report from Kolomea, "2,000 prisoners, some troops freshly brought into this region; the greater number of them were intoxicated." "Brought fresh into this region" would surely have been an apter way of putting it.

❋

A DUTCH paper warns us that "Herr Rudolf Huch is once more enlivening the German Press with frantic screams of hatred against England." "Huch, Huch, Huch—here comes the bogey-man!"

❋

THE movement for the dismissal of Hun teachers from English schools should be stimulated by the increasing failure of the Germans to prove themselves qualified to be our masters.

❋

ACCORDING to the *Daily Mail*, a brother of Herr Ballin, the German shipping magnate, has been sentenced in New Zealand to three months' imprisonment for vagrancy. But for the war and the blockade he might have found appropriate employment in one of his brother's "tramp" steamers.

❋

THE Hertfordshire man who refused, the other day, to help get in the hay "because the military use it," seemed at pains to prove himself the kind of "conscientious objector" who doesn't care a straw for his country.

❋

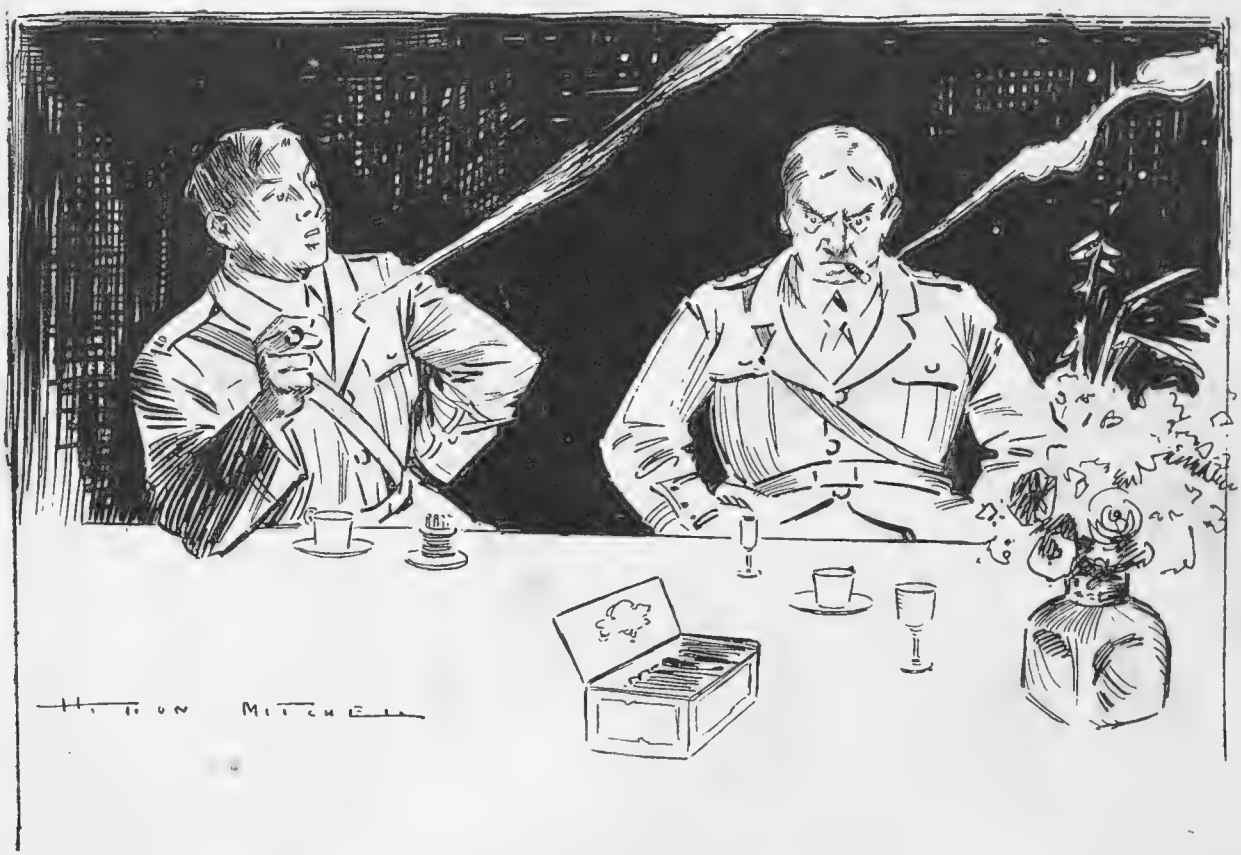
CARRYING a large cargo of onions, believed to be ultimately destined for Germany, the Norwegian steamer *Setubal* is now reposing in an English port. Possibly her skipper courted his fate by mistaking the British flag for the Onion Jack.

❋

THE suggestion that negroes should be employed on the land in this country is one to be sternly discouraged. British agriculture is surely not faced with such a black look-out as that.

❋

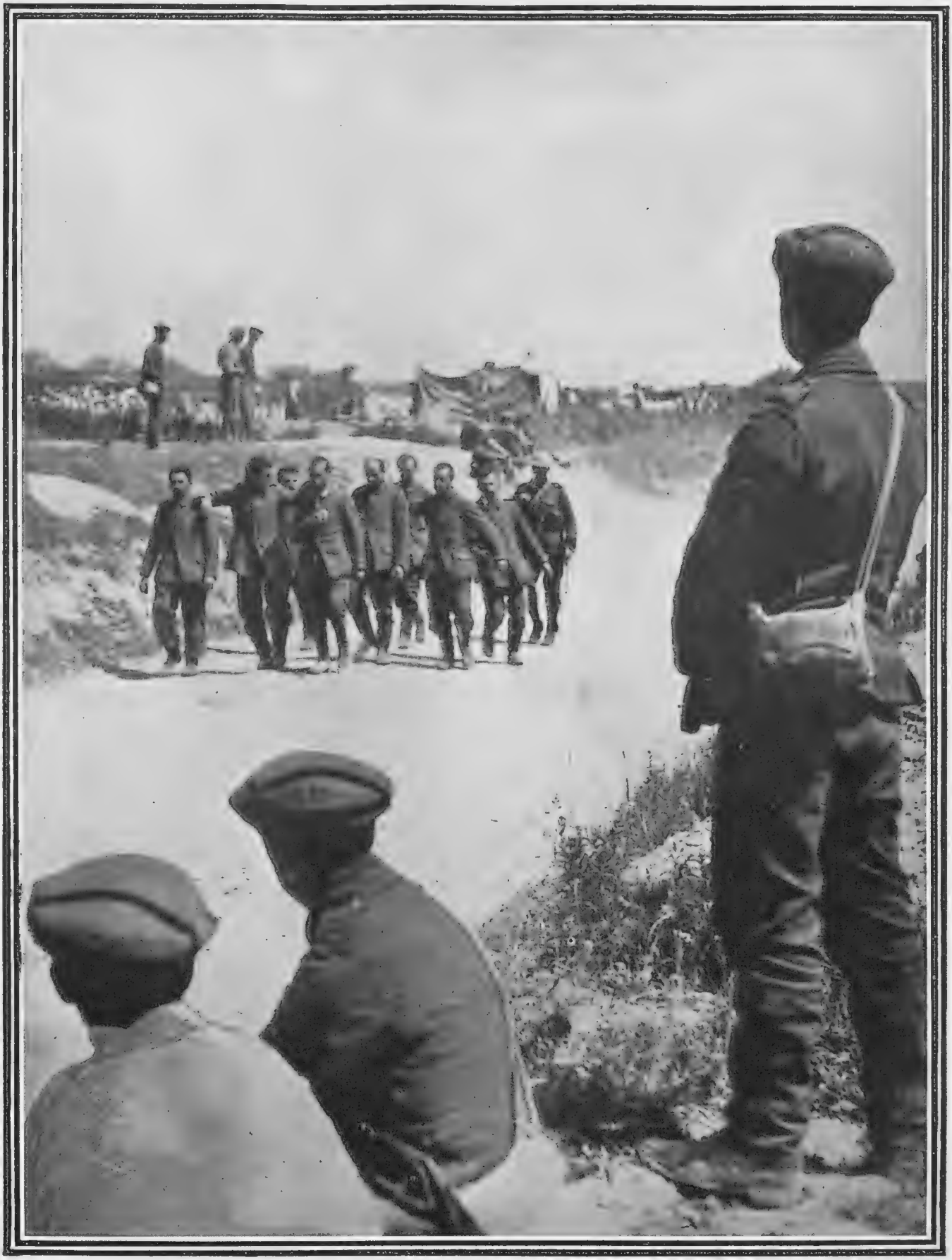
SINCE the Home Secretary declares himself powerless to check the increased charges made by the electric companies, it must, unhappily, be assumed that these bodies are free to conduct their business according to their lights.



HOPING AGAINST HOPE

THE OPTIMIST: "I think the Mess is improving don't you?"
THE PESSIMIST: "What! Why the black coffee was the only decent thing on the table!"
THE OPTIMIST: "Yes, I know—but usually that's rotten too"

Somme First Fruits



Official photograph issued by Press Bureau

A little batch of German prisoners taken on July 1—only an infinitesimal portion of those who fell into the hands of the Allied attack on that day, to which both armies had looked forward with such intense keenness

"Somewhere in Flanders"

THE ENGINE-STEALERS

BY "JACK JOHNSON"

My Dear Bystander—

I have forgotten who the poet is who sings "What loss feels he that wots not what he loses?" but, anyway, his trite observation is wholly correct.

There are moments—usually after a grateful meal of an evening—when the memory harks back to the earlier days of the war, joyful days they were when every man's property was at the disposal of his fellows, and were you to find yourself short of anything from an entrenching tool to a tin of jam, you just stepped lightly across the way to your neighbour and suited your requirements. Everybody did it. It was awfully convenient and so delightfully simple. Perhaps the limit of human enterprise was reached one day when a breathless soldier whizzed into the camp of a Kite Balloon squadron, and, his breath coming in long whistling sobs, conveyed to all present the painful news that the ——s who were moving further up the line in the morning had borrowed the balloon for a bit, and a determined-looking sergeant-major, who in private life designed natty breeches for distinguished clients in Jermyn Street, was preparing to cut it up into waterproofs!

THAT ROUTE-MARCH FEELING!

⁂ ⁂

In those grand days it was quite an education to leave a car on the road by itself for an hour and then take an inventory of the inside on your return. Excellent opportunities were afforded devotees of minor wagering. Carburetters and magnetos were always even money, but you could usually get quite decent odds on radiators and inner tubes.

⁂ ⁂

Many a little drama of disillusionment has been enacted, many a motor-driver has plumbed the abysmal depths of black despair on the peaceful country roads of France. Memory recalls an occasion which necessitated the immediate acquisition of a motor engine to replace one which had incontestably outlived its sphere of usefulness on this or any other planet. It was, indeed, very necessary for the successful prosecution of the campaign on the Western Front to get hold of an engine somehow, but explanations are notoriously attended by delay. So in the dead of night the deed was done, the officer who performed the operation being comforted by the reflection that, to his mind, the property he was about to acquire would be in infinitely better keeping than in the hands of a perfect stranger in the A.S.C., who in all probability was a man of careless and neglectful habits.

⁂ ⁂

It was a spectacle not without a touch of pathos that was offered to the casual passer-by on that bleak November morning. The hour was 6 a.m., and a N.E. wind cut through the human figure like a razor blade. Fred and Alf, yawning vociferously, emerged slowly from a neighbouring *estaminet*, and prepared to set about the labours of the day. Alf gripped hold of the starting-handle what time Fred beat his breasts frantically with his arms after the manner of a man nigh perished with cold. Great activity on the part of Alf with the handle. Rattle, rattle, rattle. Nothing doing. "We aren't 'alf goin' to 'ave a job startin' of 'er up this perishin' mornin', Fred." Renewed activity on the part of Alf. Rattle, rattle, rattle.

"Give 'er some more spark, Fred."

Fred gave her some more spark. Rattle, rattle, rattle.

"Give 'er some more throttle, Fred." The obliging Fred gave her some more throttle.

⁂ ⁂

And when the mystified Alf finally thought fit to raise the bonnet for inquiries, thereby revealing to the world a small wooden soap-box in lieu of an engine, the simple Flemish peasants in the neighbourhood expressed themselves unanimous in the conviction that the British phlegm they had heard and read so much about was nothing but a mischievous illusion and a sham.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

PEOPLE I REMEMBER STILL

The Hospital Matron

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

Omar the Optimist

PASSED BY CENSOR]

"Here with a loaf of bread beneath the row,
A muttered curse, but ne'er a whine, and thou—
Beside me, singing in the wilderness,
The wilderness is Paradise enow."

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Bystander in Paris

FRONGSY-ONGLY AS SHE IS SPOKE

"'You are not going to have me arrested are you?'"

"KELLY Lee Tong, cocky?" asked the Sergeant, pushing his mud-coloured enamelled "saucepan" off his head and wiping his heated brow. Then he surrounded us with packages, took an aged pipe from his pocket, squeaked through it, looked at it lovingly, and remarked, "Paddy tabbick, I s'pose?" I had some. In case you shouldn't have learned the very latest thing in European languages, I should, perhaps, explain that the Sergeant's first remark was Franco-English for "what time is it?" and that the second statement which he made would, if translated into pre-war French, be "*pas de tabac?*" meaning in English, I believe, "You haven't got a fill about you, have you?" "*You* didn't ought to be here at all, you know," was the Sergeant's comment when I had convinced him that my own English was home-made. "Good old Albert is in the British lines, she is, and il y a pas d'admittance excepty on business." I laughed. "You're not going to have me arrested, are you?" I inquired. The Sergeant evidently liked my tobacco, and he missed my foot only by a microscopic fraction of an inch. "*I* haven't seen your fleurissong papers, have I? And you're no business of mine," he said, "but you'll have to keep your mouth shut or to learn the language if you want to stop here. My tip to *you* is," he explained, patting me on the shoulder with a hand like a grimy leg of mutton, "parly frongsy to the habby-tong, and as you can't talk the language stick to frongsy with the ongly too, more especially the bally offishays." (He meant the—er—the officers.) "But—" I said. "Songty!" said the Sergeant, hung his packages all round him, and strode off and left me.

"'Take it or leave it,' says Tommy sternly"

"It will be a goal for sightseers"

PERHAPS I had better explain what he meant about learning the language. The little town of Albert, which is almost a suburb of Amiens, has been British—in the British lines, I mean—for some time now. There are no British civilians there. The population, excepting for a few aborigines, is khaki, but as the aborigines don't speak khaki and the soldiers don't speak French, the language of the country is the lingua-franca war tongue which you have heard the just-back-from-the-trenches Sergeant speak to me. The townsfolk of Albert speak the language too—but speak it differently. They speak it with their hands a good deal and with much gesticulation, and they sprinkle it with rapid French. Tommy lets most of the French slip past him, but he lays hold of a word here and there. He is wonderfully quick at picking up the gestures, and the Albertians know numbers of useful "English" words now which they slip in as the Ongly use the Frongsy.

THE language is as catching as the measles. "Combyang?" says Tommy. "*Monsieur, je vous assure que ce n'est pas cher. Vingt-neuf sous seulement!*" says the aborigine. "Here! Pas si beaucoup," says the soldier, "mongtry combyang." The Frenchman throws both hands out, then both hands again, then one hand only. "Vingt cinq! Twenty-five! One shilling!" he hisses. "Tro bally share," says Tommy, "regardy!" He produces ninepence from his pocket, and the Frenchman tells him all about his losses since the war began. "Prenny or lessy" (take it or leave it!), says

(*Continued on page 66*)

Miss-Take—(This Joke is French)

LOVE, A LADY, A LAMP-POST AND——

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded from page 64*)

Tommy sternly, and the aborigine shakes his head, "prennies," and the deal is done. By the time the war finishes it will be curious to note what language the inhabitants of French towns which have had Tommy quartered on them speak among themselves. It will be curious, too, to listen to Tommy's conversation when he returns to civil life in England. I don't believe he will be able to talk mere English for some years to come. Only the other day an Englishman of my acquaintance told me that it was much too fine to work, and suggested that the two of us "put on our chapeaux, go promenny, and catch poissongs." That's khaki language. Every Englishman in France is catching it.

"A German shell did it"

⁂

Poor little Albert! It used to be such a charmingly sleepy, sun-baked Picardy townlet before the war. I used to go there pretty often years ago, because my old friend, Jules Verne, lived in Amiens, and Albert was a favourite excursion of ours. Now it's a rag. It will be a favourite excursion when the war is over again, of course, and tourists will throng its sleepy little streets—what is left of them—and clamber in and out of the holes in the cathedral. By that time you will be able, if the porch is left standing, to go into what's left of the cathedral in the ordinary way. At present you get into it through an empty house, and what was once a garden. It has become a beautiful little wilderness now. The house has been empty for I don't know how long, and the *débris* of the last hurried meal are still growing mouldy on a table in the dining-room. But the garden has run riot, and is a lovely wilderness of roses. It looks like a corner of primæval ground, and Nature has made the ruin beautiful. But there is nothing beautiful about the church itself, into which you climb over a narrow plank across a gaping hole. The inside of the church is chaos. Columns are smashed to bits, huge stretches of the dome have fallen in, the beautiful carved woodwork hangs in strips and splinters, and the place reminds me of some churches in Provence which I visited just after they were stricken by an earthquake.

⁂

And in the middle of it all a little wooden angel, beautifully carved, has tumbled standing, and smiles on the scene of destruction. One used to be rather bored by the church at Albert. There were beautiful things in it, and it was distinctly a show place, but it was comparatively modern, and France had many more beautiful churches. But now, if it remains as it is, it will be a goal for sightseers, for it has one extraordinary curiosity. A German shell did it. I don't know exactly how it happened, but a big statue of the Virgin and the Child has fallen almost at right angles in the clock tower, and the weight of its pedestal, which is much heavier than the statue itself, has kept it in this extraordinary position. It looks, as it sticks out there over the ghastly ruin, as though the sacred figure were shrieking for help and for vengeance. A Frenchman stood beside me as I stared at it. "Very étrange," he said to me. "Tray," I answered him, "altogether extra-ordinaire!"

I had caught the language.

John N. Raphael

Not for Publication

(Author's Note: *Officers in Mesopotamia are instructed to write "Not for Publication" on their letters.*)

I

My Darling Wife—What rotten luck
That Fido is below the daisies.
Am jolly glad to hear a tuck
Has been let out in frocks of Maisie's—
I used to think the kid too leggy.
Mumpy at school—hard lines on Peggy!
Out here it rains without cessation.
(*All this is not for publication.*)

II

Please send me, soon, six pairs of socks,
Some hankies and three tins of baccy.
See Johnson looks to Ginger's hocks;
The Jumble Sale can have my mackie.
We hardly hear the guns for frogs;
This country's made of swamps and bogs.
My tent is leaking—oh, damnation!
(*But none of this for publication.*)

III

We hear that Brighton bore the brunt
Of Monday fortnight's smashed invasion,
And Huns were heaped upon the Front,
Which changed Compulsion to Persuasion;
That Kaiser William never will
Survive our Daylight Saving Bill—
But this may be exaggeration.
(*However, not for publication.*)

"'Altogether extra-ordinaire'"

IV

Now I must stop—I only hope
No beastly spy will bag this letter.
(Please send me out twelve cakes of soap.)
This filthy weather's getting wetter;
I've rheumatism in all my bones.
Your loving husband, Samuel Jones.
P.S.—Two bottles embrocation.
(*Remember, not for publication.*)

P. Rushden

The New Ring

Photograph *Wrather and Buys*

A very charming "butterfly" picture of Miss Dorothy Minto in her latest success in "Pell Mell" at the Ambassadors Theatre

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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Bluff" at the Garrick Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE leading character of this interesting play is a French artist, by name Xavier de Cigognac, of whom Mr. H. A. Saintsbury presents quite a fascinating study. Xavier is not only a man of romantic appearance, but is particularly brainy besides. He was once rescued from the dismal toils of intemperance by a young man of the name of Dane, and now that he is regenerate he is anxious to prove his gratitude for favours received. The chance of his lifetime comes when Dane secretly marries Agnes Carr, the young and lovely ward of Mr. Bulstrode (Mr. Charles V. France), a City merchant.

❋

ONE evening Mr. Bulstrode, who has heard the news of his ward's marriage, calls on Dane and wants to know what about it, so to speak. Xavier happens to be present at the time, and at once recognises Bulstrode as a man with a very unsavoury reputation. As the result of subsequent inquiries Xavier discovers that Bulstrode holds the comfortable little sum of thirty thousand pounds in trust for Agnes. (I don't know how dramatic authors come to think up these vast amounts. I could never do it.) It appears that Bulstrode is attempting to keep the money for himself, in the hope that it never will be missed. With a fine romantic splash of eloquence, Xavier declares that he will see the young people righted, and that he will not eat or drink or "dally with woman" (I think this must be French for something or other) until he has achieved his righteous end.

❋

XAVIER'S first step is to arrange a meeting with Mr. Bulstrode's chief clerk, Aaron Kelp, an elderly gentleman who might have stepped out of the pages of Dickens, and who is represented to the life by Mr. Norman Page. It seems that Kelp shares Mr. Bulstrode's guilty secret, and has been awarded the sum of two thousand pounds as the price of his silence. He carries the money in his wallet in Bank of England notes. This is, perhaps, not a prudent course to take; but when the plot of the play depends upon a detail of this sort what is a chap to do? By a little subterfuge Xavier

manages to get hold of Kelp's wallet. After all, it had nothing in it but a couple of thousand pounds, and Kelp naturally did not trouble to keep a very watchful eye upon it. Xavier then drags guilty secrets out of the old man by threatening to burn the precious notes one by one every time he hesitates. Indeed, to show that he really means business, Xavier picks a £100 note out of the dainty collection and throws it on the fire with a callousness that is awful to witness. It gave me a cold feeling between the shoulders to see the good stuff being frittered away like that, especially as I have quite unrivalled facilities of my own for getting rid of bank notes in the proper sort of way.

❋

HAVING finally obtained a considerable amount of damaging evidence against Bulstrode, Xavier calls at Mr. Bulstrode's house and announces that he has proofs of the very serious breach of trust that has been committed. Bulstrode is a little uneasy about it at first; but he suddenly remembers Xavier's past history of intemperance, and decides to tempt him, as it were, to step once more unto the breach, dear friends. Unobserved by his victim he fills the carafe of drinking-water with gin (unsweetened, I am sure), and with this Xavier unsuspectingly dilutes the whisky that he is invited to take. I have never tried this very fighting mixture myself; but I judge from its effect on Xavier that it is a particularly exhilarating form of nourishment. Indeed, the Frenchman does so much justice to the fiery concoction that he ceases to be master of himself. This in spite of the fact that he had declared he would not eat or drink, etc., until he had achieved his purpose. Considering the thoroughness with which he shattered the first part of his resolve, it is, perhaps, a mercy that he was not tempted to break his pledge in respect of the "dalliance." Otherwise I really don't know what might not have happened.

❋

MR. BULSTRODE takes advantage of Xavier's condition of—excitement to seize and destroy all evidence of the crime, and then calls the servants to push Xavier off the doorstep in the usual manner. But a little later—doubtless as soon as he had got rid of his "head"—Xavier thinks up a fresh little scheme. He pretends to have got other evidence of the malfeasance in question, and bluffs so successfully that Bulstrode is forced to confess his crime.

JINGLE

"Bluff" at the Garrick Theatre

Mr. Lucas Landor's interesting play, in which guilty secrets and their extraction by "bluff" play a prominent part in the plot, was produced at the Garrick Theatre last week

Schools for Husbands and Wives

BY "EFEMERA." *Illustrated by Hill Clarke*

The Nietschean Idea

IN these days of all sorts and conditions of unexpected employment for women, matrimony has rather dropped out of sight as the principal feminine profession. If referred to at all, it is done so feebly and sentimentally in phraseology of a somewhat Nietschean flavour with great insistence upon the rôle of purveyor of relaxation to the tired warrior.

❋ ❋

Some Qualifications

BUT marriage in this or any other time does not consist chiefly in ministering to tired warriors, grateful and endearing as that part of it may be. It is both easy and graceful to console, but more than that is required of the average wife. She must be able to brace and to stimulate as well as to soothe, to instil fresh courage and to inspire confidence. She must know when to urge and when to check, and, above all, when to exercise the virtues of silence and patient diplomacy. All this is not quite so simple as one might think—it requires brains as well as instinct.

❋ ❋

Instinct *versus* Training

BESIDES, this is only taking into account the personal relationship. What of the assumption of responsibility, household management, the bringing up of children? Ability in all these directions is not the invariable and inalienable inheritance of all women. Many girls are, doubtless, naturally qualified for marriage, but even they have much to learn, and matrimonial wisdom is not of the kind to be acquired by prayer and fasting. Experience is a good teacher, but an expensive as well as a slow one.

❋ ❋

The Amateur Wife

THE trouble is that while marriage has been insisted upon as *the* female occupation *par excellence* it has never been seriously considered as a profession. We should laugh at the idea of a nurse, a doctor, or a lawyer starting out with no preparation at all, expected to "pick up" things as he or she went along. . . . Rather too hard on patient or client. But is the husband or child of the inexperienced and ignorant young woman in any better case? Why should they be expected to suffer while wife or mother is learning her job? It is neither pleasant nor restful, though, perhaps, exciting, to be practised upon by a neophyte. Whatever her natural disposition, and however great her goodwill, she is bound to make blunders that may well cause angels to weep.

❋ ❋

Looking Before You Leap

IF marriage be really a profession it should be regarded seriously, not merely as a haphazard sort of enterprise. And it is more serious than other professions if only for one reason: it cannot be exercised alone, and unlike other business or professional partnerships it cannot be readily dissolved if it chances not to turn out so successfully as to make continuation

(Continued on page 71)

"Rather too hard on patient or client"

EXEMPTED!

SCHOOLS FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES (concluded from page 72)

'Indeed, the college itself would probably become a highly reputable matrimonial agency"

worth while. All the more reason, then, not only for looking before you leap, but for training your leaping muscles to the pitch of perfection. You want not only to be as sure as possible of your partner, but to have full and justified confidence in your ability to play the part that will be yours. It must not be a question of hope or of assumption, but of tested capability. In fact, marriage must be undertaken not as an amateur but as a professional. This applies equally to husband and wife.

⁂ ⁂

Joint Classes

EVERY professional worthy of the name has to undergo a certain amount of preliminary training, and that is what I would suggest for prospective husbands and wives. Can you not imagine training schools for the purpose? The courses would naturally be separate with a few joint classes in special subjects, such as "Domestic Conversation," "Exercise in the Art of Diplomacy," "Good-humoured Argument," "Demeanour at the Breakfast Table," "Presentation for Payment of Dressmakers' Bills," "How to Make Up a Quarrel," etc.

⁂ ⁂

Rudiments of the Trade

THE curriculum would naturally include for wives, besides domestic science, the management of servants and so forth, instruction in such branches as First Aid to Wounded Feelings, Soothing the Savage Beast, the composition of propitiatory *menus*, and the art of dressing attractively at all hours of the twenty-four, special attention being paid to *négligée* toilets. The necessity of laughing at a man's repertory of funny stories, however often repeated, would be clearly shown, also such important points as a pleasant expression of face and the tone of voice in speaking.

⁂ ⁂

Accomplishments for Husbands

THIS, as well as the quiet opening and shutting of doors, would apply to both sexes. Male pupils would require special practice in hooking-up and unfastening frocks, and tying the feminine bootlace, while young ladies should be taught to stud rapidly and accurately an evening shirt. The ordinary course for men would include the theory and practice of meeting feminine whims, the best methods of pacifying an angry wife, and exhaustive drill in the amenities of everyday existence; the little attentions that every woman loves, the use of adroit compliments, and abstention from interference in domestic affairs. No blame unaccompanied by praise is a good and safe rule to follow on all occasions. . . .

⁂ ⁂

A Matrimonial Agency

THINK of the advantages to the holder of a certificate guaranteeing proficiency in all branches! The graduate of the matrimonial college must, of necessity, take precedence over the mere amateur or *dilettante*—indeed, the college itself would probably become, through the acquaintanceships formed, a highly reputable matrimonial agency—unless familiarity were to breed contempt for the tricks of the trade. But all things being equal, a marriage between graduates should spell perfection: no blunders, no misapprehensions, absolute knowledge of how to comport one's self in all circumstances—think what it would mean!

EFEMERA

"Can you not imagine training schools for that purpose?"

Our Superior Inferiors

LADY DE TOMKYN (at Cabbage Charity Sale): "How on earth are we to clean these potatoes? I dare not ask Simpson!"

Our Unwashed Enemy

SOME TRUE STORIES OF THE HUN AT HOME

BY MAUD CHURTON BRABY

I ONCE spent a year of my girlhood in the family of a German schoolmaster in a small manufacturing town near Leipsic. His wife had been a schoolmistress before marriage; both were accomplished musicians, and could speak English and French. One might, therefore, with reason consider them persons of culture—(*Bildung*, not *Kultur!*) But they did not wash.

The sanitation in the block of flats where they lived was primitive beyond belief, and there were, of course, no bathrooms. Indeed, to the best of my knowledge, the only bathroom in the town was one newly installed in the house of a rich widow, which was exhibited to guests as a curiosity, and spoken of as "the English bath."

* * *

IT was a very grave matter to take a hot bath in the household of Herr J——, and those who craved the indulgence too frequently were regarded with disfavour. Certainly, it gave a good deal of trouble. There being no hot water laid on, every drop had to be heated on the stove, and as it would have been considered a reckless extravagance to keep this fire going all day, the ceremony of bathing could only take place of afternoons and in the kitchen! When sufficient water had been heated in kettles and saucepans the small tin bath was dragged from beneath the kitchen table, the servant banished to the cupboard where she slept, or sent on an errand, and the mad English miss was then free to indulge her absurd and suspicious mania.

* * *

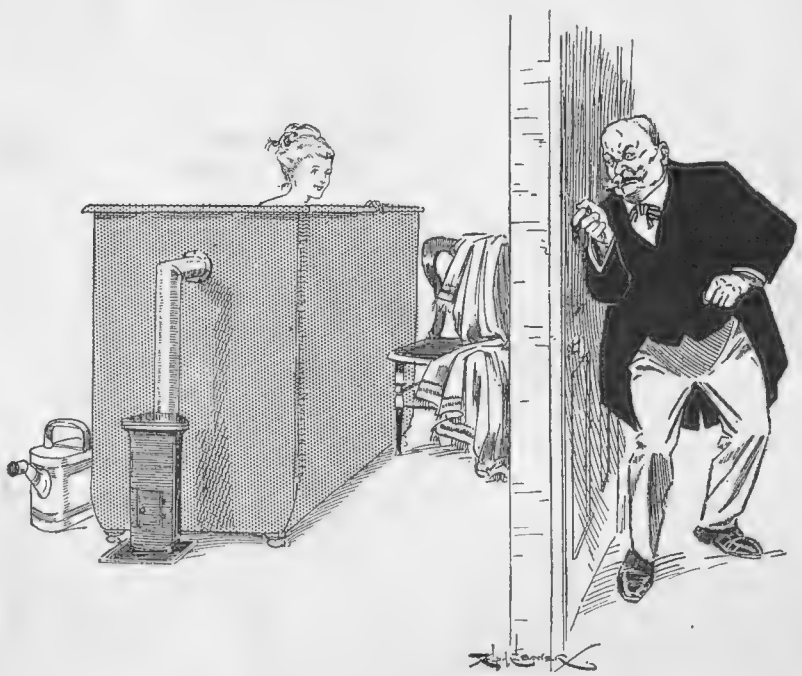
ONE wonderful day Herr J——, to his great annoyance, won a bath in a lottery. He would so much rather have had a concertina or an ornamental beer-mug. The only member of the household who rejoiced was myself, and the others regarded my cheerful anticipation of a daily cold tub as an amusing and extravagant jest. When I saw the bath I did not wonder; it was the weirdest structure; never in any country before or since have I seen its like. Of shining metal, about five feet high, very narrow, and supplied with a small seat, with stove and pipe for heating purposes attached, it was obviously intended for the prolonged hot soak of "catastrophic infrequency" rather than the cold plunge of the devotee.

"Exhibited to guests as a curiosity, and spoken of as 'the English bath'"

* * *

WHEN, with the idea of keeping up the joke, Frau J—— and her daughter filled this oddity to the very brim with cold water, my delight slightly diminished. It was no use explaining what a cold bath ought to be like, and that even the demented English did not sit and soak in cold water up to their necks! After all, a bath was a bath, whatever its shape, and an opportunity for any kind of extra washing on a wholesale scale was not to be despised, especially in a German summer! Accordingly, I locked the kitchen-door, emptied out some of the water,

(Continued on page 78)



"'I have warned you, Miss. I will not be responsible to your father'"

DORAKLEEN
COMPLEXION

DORAKLEEN SKIN FOOD

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The Dorakleen Liquid is a remarkable preparation which overcomes oiliness and "shine" of the skin, and also reduces undue flushing of the nose. It whitens the face, and is most useful in removing dust, grease and travel stains. Price **7/6** and **15/-** per bottle.

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Dorakleen Sunproof Cream applied to the skin affords absolute protection against the fiercest onslaughts of the sun. Very useful for skins which sunburn easily. Price **2/6** and **5/-.**

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FOR FLABBY SKINS

Crème Cléopâtre.—A new astringent which strengthens and consolidates relaxed and flaccid tissues. It may be used at any time the skin looks relaxed, as it dries in and makes an excellent foundation for face powder. Prices **3/6, 7/6,** and **15/-.**

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MALTED MILK TABLETS
FOR MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

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For Calox Tooth P wder, by its release of purifying Oxygen in use, keeps the whole mouth perfectly clean and healthy.
In addition, Calox removes discolouration from the teeth, prevents the formation of tartar-deposit, & prolongs their use & beauty. *Continue the Calox Habit!*

CALOX
THE CXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

A dainty sample of Calox will be sent on request.
Calox sells ordinarily in non-wasting boxes at **1/3**
The Calox Tooth Brush, **1/-** sold everywhere.

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD.,
75, Farringdon Road,
London.

OUR UNWASHED ENEMY (continued)

and proceeded to splash about happily enough. The laughter of the two German ladies ceased when these sounds reached them. There was a dismayed whisper through the flat: "She's really doing it! But think! She will certainly be ill—it may be her death! *Ach, ganz kaltes Wasser—aber eis kalt!* Positive suicide!"

They flew to fetch the jovial Herr, who paled at the news. What a scandal, and how should he face the mad English father after the inevitable tragedy? A loud impassioned knocking echoed upon the kitchen door. In guttural tones palpitating with alarm the good man implored me to desist. "*Ein eis kaltes Bad! Ach,* madness! . . . *richtiger Unsinn!* Miss, get out, I beg of you; the joke has gone too far. Get out before it is too late. I have warned you, miss. *I will not be responsible to your father!*" Yes, he really did utter those very words, and doubtless they tell the tale of the crazy Engländerin's attempted suicide to this day.

"Too much bathing might cause the wound to reopen"

* *

WHEN I returned to England the good Frau escorted me. She had a bath and a new hat for the occasion, and nothing would induce her to repeat the former during her month's visit. At last, feeling we were disappointed by her lack of appreciation of our white-tiled shrine, she solemnly explained that some years before she had had an operation for appendicitis and she feared too much bathing might cause the "wound" to reopen!

We gave her what in London is considered a good time: she had more amusement and gaiety that month than in the whole of the previous fifty years. But when asked what she had enjoyed most, the answer came pat without any reflection, "*the English breakfasts!*" She constantly expressed her regret that her husband could not experience the delights of eggs and bacon, a dish unknown in the Fatherland.

* *

ONCE I rushed into Frau J——'s room with a badly cut finger, and surprised the stout Herr at his morning toilet. Fully dressed except for coat and collar he was dabbing at his neck with a minute sponge. He was a big, burly, rugged-faced man of a complexion generally ruddy, but he kept a box of *dry rouge* in the washstand drawer, which he applied to his cheeks and ears whenever an unbecoming pallor demanded. It is not at all unusual for men to rouge in Germany. Rouge, nail-polish, and many other cosmetics were unblushingly displayed on the dressing-table of another married man at whose house I visited. He had a special toilet-table of his own, in the room shared with his wife, and his was twice as large as hers, and covered with all manner of pots and bottles. Both these women, who would on no account have rouged themselves, saw nothing peculiar or detestable in their men doing so. It did not do for a man to be going about pale: people might think him unhealthy. "*Die Leute werden reden,*" people will talk—oh, how often I heard that phrase in Germany! The fierce light alleged to beat upon a throne is the palest flicker compared to the dazzling million-candle-power-blaze that beats upon a little German *bourgeois*—in his own estimation.

* *

ONCE Frau J—— had an inspiration of real refinement. Her son had planned to go on a walking tour during his August holiday. "I have been thinking, Rudolf," she remarked at the mid-day meal, "as you are going to sweat (!) so much, perhaps it would be as well if I put an extra shirt in your knapsack, then you could change into it every night, and keep the other for day only." To my interested inquiry as to whether German men did not always wear nightshirts, she replied, "Certainly not, only the very rich. We are not Princes!"

* *

THIS phrase was another favourite, and the fact of their unprinceliness held responsible for a curious variety of things. For instance, the two small J's, aged two and four, were not taught any sort of table manners. A plate of food, a fork and spoon

(*Continued on page 80*)

"Dabbing at his neck with a minute sponge"

H.M. KING GEORGE V

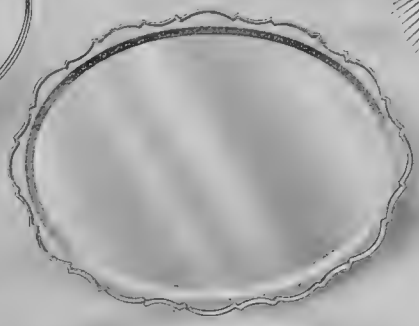
Mappin & Webb LTD.

Silversmiths to His Majesty King George V.

Plain Sterling Silver Toilet Service, Chippendale design.

Special Catalogue Post Free

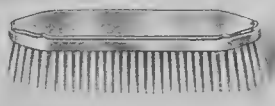
Hand Mirror, £3 .0 0



Brush Tray, length 9½ inches, £8 15 0

Hair Brush, 35/-

Cut Glass Scent Bottle, 30/-



Hat or Cloth Brush, 17/6

Cut Glass Powder Jar, 30/-

158-162, OXFORD STREET, W. 172, REGENT STREET, W. 2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

Manufactory and Showrooms: ROYAL WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

Children's Policies—

Capital is likely to be of the utmost value to the rising generation, in view of the inevitable future expansion of British trade. There is no better means of providing for the children's future than by taking out a Children's Endowment Policy with the

Scottish Widows Fund

The largest British Mutual Life Office.

FUNDS: 22 MILLIONS. CLAIMS PAID: 44 MILLIONS.

Write for the Society's Booklet on Children's Policies.

Head Office: 9, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.
(G. J. LIDSTONE, Manager and Actuary.)
London Offices:
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A *Soiled* Frock is not *Spoiled!*

Even if it is badly stained we can make it spotless and as fresh as when first worn. The "Achille Serre Way" of Cleaning includes a special "refinishing" process which restores the original daintiness and "set." Also it helps to *keep them clean longer.*

Write for Illustrated Price List and address of nearest Branch or Agency, which will collect free of charge. (If order is sent direct we pay carriage one way.)

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office:
Hackney Wick, London

Branches & Agencies Everywhere

D 96

OUR UNWASHED ENEMY (*concluded from page* 78)

were set before them, and the niceties of managing the same were supposed to be understood by instinct. Sometimes when the results were more gruesome than usual, Herr J. would remonstrate angrily, urging my presence as a reason for preserving the amenities. To this his wife would invariably reply, "We are not princes, and the miss, she is no princess either!"

⁂ ⁂

THEIR standard of manners was a curiously unequal one, as was their ideal of kindliness. Once a week a special dish of calf's head was procured for Herr J—— alone. His admiring wife would sit by his side and watch him, gloating over his enjoyment, and occasionally accepting a tit-bit *from his fork!* As for kindliness, I have known Frau J—— spend hours of her scanty leisure and much of her still scantier savings on decorating a Christmas tree for an old beggar-woman, but she whipped and shook her tiny nervous children, whilst their father, when made angry by no more serious crime than the accidental breaking of a plate or cup, thought nothing of threatening that they should be whipped *bis zum Blut kommt!* (till the blood comes).

"Occasionally accepting a tit-bit from his fork"

⁂ ⁂

I DO not say all Germans are like these; I can only speak of those I know. Herr J——, walking through exquisite woodland scenery, would urge on his family with the remark "the beer beckons." Herr K——, of the large dressing-table, used constantly to make jests of such unspeakable vulgarity as would have shocked a London gutter-child. I have seen a German nobleman of ancient family eat an egg in a manner that we would not tolerate in a tiny tot. But I would like to add that one of the kindest and noblest men I have ever met was a certain German Count, now dead; and his daughter was one of the sweetest and most refined of women. To them I owed many kindnesses during my year in Germany; and it is only fair to add that they bathed quite a lot!

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SPECIALISTS IN CHILDREN'S SCHOOL OUTFITS.

OLD ENGLISH SMOCKS AND SUN BONNETS, OVERALLS, APRONS AND GARDEN HATS IN BEAUTIFUL COLOURINGS.

Goods sent on Approval on receipt of trade reference.

Lilac Print Overall Frock (as sketch), 35/6

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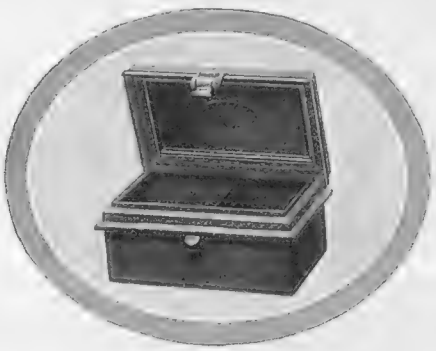
Water-tight Boxes

Price from 15s. to £7. 7s.

(*Small size for Cigarettes and Tobacco.*)



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"Benjamin Edgington" Tents,

Every article of Camp Equipment.

Uniforms and Complete Kit.

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SERVICE KIT

"The Times," Jan. 9, 1902.
"Under instructions from the War Office, Burberrys have had the honour of designing the new Service Uniform for Officers which has been approved by His Majesty the King."

Illustrated Naval or Military Catalogues Post Free.

Officers' Complete Kits in 2 to 4 Days or Ready for Use.

Every Burberry Garment is labelled "Burberrys

FROM 1902 to the present time covers a period of vast changes in Army equipment, but Burberrys' design was so excellent that only minor alterations have been made.

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During the War **BURBERRYS CLEAN AND RE-PROOF** Officers' "Burberrys," Tielockens and Burberry Trench-Warms **FREE OF CHARGE.** The process entails 10 clear days' possession.

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The Health Principle—

The importance of wearing garments that are really healthful is being continually insisted upon by medical men.

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

Shirts and Pyjamas

"We got them at the same time, why didn't I buy 'Viyella'?"

are health-giving in that the "Viyella" fabric **both** absorbs **and** radiates away the moisture of the body, whilst its porosity allows free air passage, thus keeping the skin in a healthy condition and minimising the risk of chill. Durable, unshrinkable, and comfortable, the garments can be obtained ready-to-wear or made-to-measure

OF ALL HIGH-CLASS OUTFITTERS.

The manufacturers will be pleased to forward name and address of your nearest or otherwise suitable "Viyella" Outfitter upon request, together with samples of the material and interesting booklet, "A Material Consideration."

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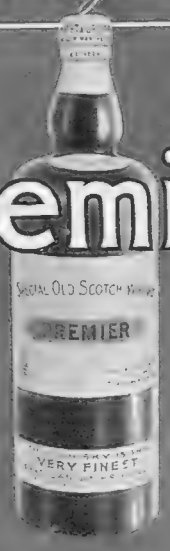
"Premier"



Of many fine whiskies, the finest.

Possesses a delicate flavour and bouquet which will give you a new appreciation of Scotch Whisky.

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"RODERICK DHU."

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Tobacco & Cigarettes

the world over, are recognized as the accurate realization of to-day's cultured taste.

Our Heroes
deserve the best
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Westminster "Specials"
skilfully blended fine flavoured Turkish Cigarettes
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Smoking Mixture, a tobacco of superlative quality and rare charm for
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Prices include cost of packing in airtight tins and postage. Orders for smaller quantities cannot be accepted. These reduced prices are for Cigarettes in Bond for direct shipment abroad only. Orders may be handed to any tobacconist or sent direct to

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A Lady's Duty.

IT is not vanity to desire to look your best but **your duty,** especially with Ven-Yusa, the novel oxygen face cream, now at your command.

Ven-Yusa produces beauty so naturally and so cheaply, and it really means little time and no trouble.

VEN-YUSA
The Oxygen Face Cream

VEN-YUSA is most natural and refined, as distinguished from those artificial and coarse creams which have had to suffice hitherto. It embraces an entirely novel idea of softening and beautifying the skin by giving it the equivalent of an oxygen bath. Besides, Ven-Yusa is absolutely *greaseless.* It makes the toilet a daily delight.

Be sure you do your duty by your complexion by using Ven-Yusa every day. You will then

Always Look Your Best.

Ven-Yusa is sold by Chemists, Hairdressers, etc., at 1s. per jar, or is obtainable by post from C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Two Great Triumphs in recent Fountain Pen production. The one, filled in a moment from any ink supply, merely by raising lever, immersing nib in ink and then lowering lever. It is called the "Lever Pocket Self-Filling" Waterman's Ideal. The other, the "Safety" type Waterman's Ideal, can be carried in any position. These two pens, with the Regular type, meet every requirement in Fountain Pens.

Safety and New Lever Pocket Self-Filling Types, **15/-** and upwards; Regular **10/6** and upwards.
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Armour-plate your Wrist Watch.

It's as easy as winding it up—to slip your wrist watch (any size) into the Army Wrist Watch protector, and then your watch is safe under any conditions; dust-tight, scratch-proof, splinter-proof. And if you're a soldier it gives you freedom from the danger of attracting bullets by your wrist watch glass.

The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

is the only contrivance that clasps *under* as well as over. It is handy—can be opened with a touch, and it closes itself. Protects your watch even without a glass.

Made in six sizes to fit any wrist watch. Special size for Ladies. Size 4 fits the Ingersoll Wrist Watch.

Nickel or Khaki Finish... 1/6
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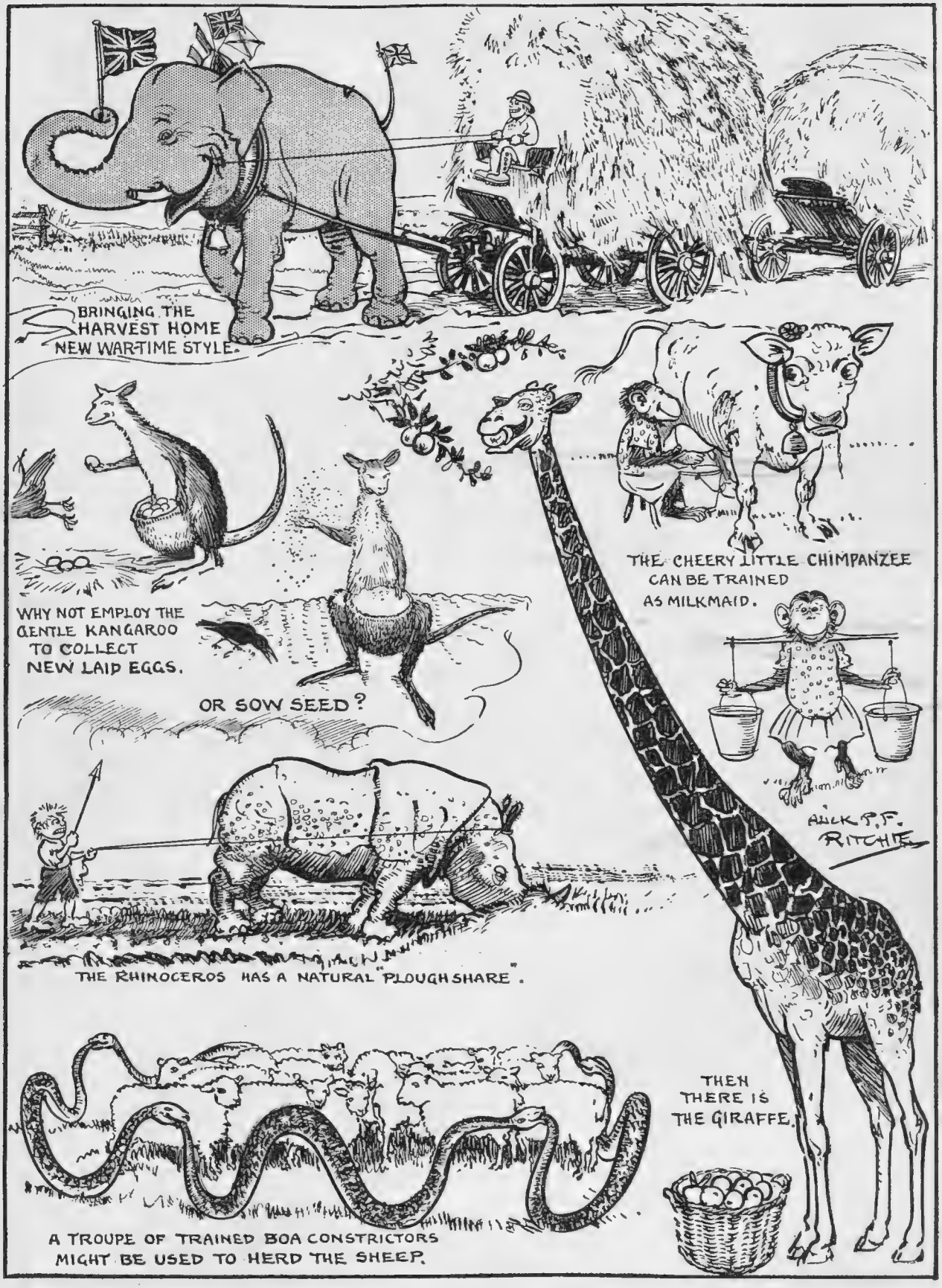
and also in Solid Silver & Solid Gold.

Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc.
If unable to obtain from your own Jeweller, send Stamps or Postal Orders to SALES MANAGER **Waltham Buildings, 29, Church Street, Liverpool.**

Clasp it under and over like this.

Freak Friends for Farmers

SOME HINTS FOR THE NEW MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE



Elephants are now being used on farms in some parts of the country. Why not enlist the services of other denizens of out-of-work menageries?

Books of the Week

RUSSIAN PROBLEMS AND PEOPLE

Two Books on Russia

THE Russians themselves seem to be rather astonished at the really extraordinary interest which we are starting to take in their country. Some of them are even making little jokes about it, but none of them would deny that it augurs well for the permanence of the present alliance. It is no uncommon thing now to hear that this or that friend of yours is learning Russian. The public schools have actually discovered the language. In another ten years, or so, you may even find your school-stories full of the idiosyncracies of the "Russian Master."

Russian Problems

And each new book about Russia as it comes along seems to have something new and interesting to tell you. Mr. J. J. Simpson's *The Self-Discovery of Russia* (Constable: 5*s.* net), for instance, is a serious and entertaining book, which in a very few chapters manages to deal fairly exhaustively with most of the great problems which Russia is tackling to-day. From the book it is possible to realise in part what the prohibition of vodka really means. You learn that some lost souls have taken to methylated spirits, but that was only to be expected. The main thing is the unquestionable fact that the peasants have more money, and if prohibition continues after the war, nobody can foretell Russia's future development. The possibilities are so stupendous. But Mr. Simpson approaches other problems as well. Constantinople was once a Christian city, whose name in the future should be Tsargrad; and the war has brought the Russian people together as it has brought together the peoples of all her Allies. Mr. Simpson is a careful student of Russian affairs, and his book is very well worth reading.

The Russian Tommy

Less wide in scope because more nearly confined to actual fighting is Mr. Scotland Liddell's *On the Russian Front* (Simpkin: 8*s.* 6*d.* net). As a member of a group of Polish Red Cross Volunteers, Mr. Liddell saw more than most people of that awful retreat of last year, and he writes vividly of such incidents as he himself actually witnessed. Russians will tell you that they are difficult to understand, and in some ways they are, but Mr. Liddell has managed to give a living picture of the Russian soldier fighting against the cruellest odds. It makes you shudder to think of what those armies of a year ago must have gone through, and on laying Mr. Liddell's book down you thank God that in the East as in the West, men have buckled to in order to turn out all the munitions that are required. Mr. Liddell has gained the St. George's Cross.

R. S.

D. H. Evans & Co Ltd

THE ADAPTABLE Velour Hat

For immediate and Autumn wear. These sketches illustrate four ways in which it may be worn.

MADE EXPRESSLY FOR US IN BLACK

also White, Oyster, Putty, Biscuit, Pink, Sky, Mauve, Vieux Rose, Amethyst, Wine, Violet, Purple, Nigger, Saxe, Brown, Tabac, Mole, Fuchsia, Grey, Nattier, Cerise, Myrtle, Emerald and Navy.

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Rowland's Odonto

is positively the best preparation you can use for

YOUR TEETH,

as it is beautifully soft and smooth, contains no acid or gritty ingredients, and provides the *necessary friction* for the teeth, without which tartar cannot be prevented or removed. It

WHITENS THE TEETH, PREVENTS DECAY,

and, being beautifully perfumed,

GIVES DELIGHTFUL FRAGRANCE TO THE BREATH.

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Royal Artillery Badge Brooch, 18-ct. Gold Enamel and Diamonds. £9 5 0

The 1st King George's Own Gurkha Rifles Badge Brooch, 18-ct. Gold and Palladium. £4 10 0

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"The Buffs" Badge Brooch, Diamonds and Enamel. £30 0 0

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Motorists and the Trade

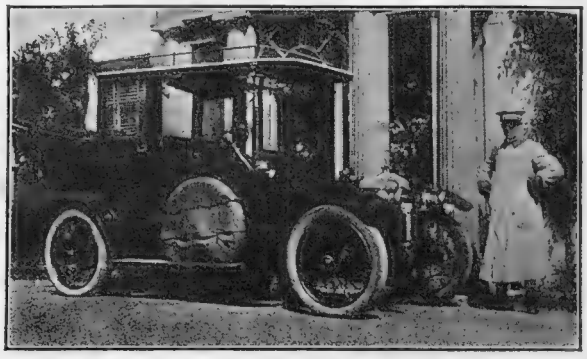
A Trade Association

A RECENT Press foregathering with the Council of the Motor Trade Association (President, Mr. Arthur Goodwin, of the C. A. Vandervell Co.) is interesting to the public in that it was a frank endeavour on the part of the Association to deal with any adverse criticism which might be levelled against it by those who might regard it as a trade organisation against the public interest. I do not know how such a misapprehension could arise, but I can applaud the desire of the M.T.A. to deal with it, and the open method adopted for the purpose.

***

The One Price Principle

THE M.T.A. interests the motorist in an intimate way to the extent that its insistence upon the one price principle secures agency service for him—the masculine here embracing the feminine. Primarily the idea is to safeguard the right of the manufacturer to put his own price upon the goods he is responsible for, and to safeguard the interests of the selling agent by ensuring that no other agent shall be able, unfairly, by secret commissions or in any other subterranean and dishonest way, to undersell him. At the first blush, to prevent one man selling to the public under a certain price, does not savour of the public interest. But if it is, as it must be, granted, that the manufacturer has the right to put his own price on his own goods, it must also be granted that he has a right to insist that the selling agent shall maintain that price, irrespective of any other consideration.



"23,000 MILES WITHOUT AN OVERHAUL"

And, adds Mr. E. J. Artindale, the owner, "shows no signs of requiring one." The car is a 25 h.p. Daimler

***

The Public Interest

IN the case of the manufacturer of a car or any proprietary article, a fixed price is vitally necessary. He has to organise the best possible method of distribution to the public. If one of his agents sells below the fixed price he is destroying the efficiency of the selling organisation because he is cutting the throat of his fellow agents. Which, when he has solemnly covenanted with the manufacturer *not* to sell below a fixed price, is a peculiarly low-down thing. Here the public interest is touched. The public also depend upon an efficient distributing service. Not only do the public depend upon a conveniently available article, but, particularly in connection with cars and accessories, a conveniently placed depôt where expert service is available, and where the accessories of motoring may be had. The more there are of these selling and service depôts the better for the public. Therefore, to this extent, the agent who cuts his covenant and the throat of his brother agent, is taking action against the public interest. The cutter may have benefited one motorist, but he has injured the rest of the motoring community. While, if he has undertaken not to cut, he has placed the one motorist he benefits very much in the

(Continued on page 88)

Trade Mark.

DUNLOP PHILOSOPHY

(1)

To most of us motoring is not a habit but a necessity. Dunlop tyres through being the latter, become the former.

Add Pleasure to Your Leisure.

Snake Charmer

Cigarettes

for

Connoisseurs

HIGH CLASS

AROMATIC TURKISH

Per Packet of Ten

BOUQUET 7½d. SIZE

QUEEN 10½d. SIZE

May be obtained at all the branches of Salmon & Gluckstein, Limited, or post free direct from their Warehouse, 2-16, Clarence Street, St Luke's, London E.C.

The Evolution of the Perfect All-Rubber Non-Skid Tyre

(1) The original round plain tread which skidded badly.

(2) The Square Tread, the first attempt at an All-Rubber Non-Skid.

(3) The "Three-Ribbed" Design—a good lateral non-skid, but skidded at starting and under the brake.

(4) The "Crossed Grooved." Acted fore and aft, useless laterally.

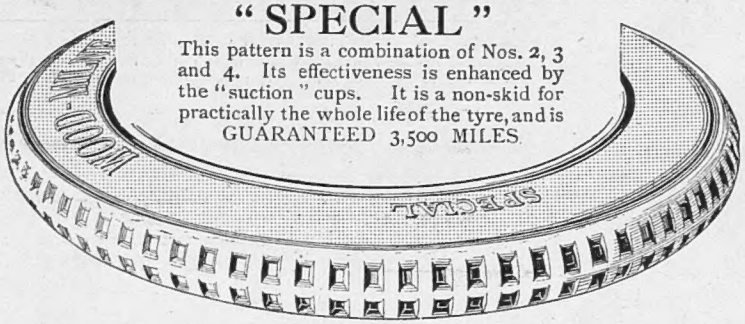
(5) Various "nobby" designs built up on the old plain round tyre. Effective until the design on the tread wears down.

Lastly the perfect

Wood-Milne

"SPECIAL"

This pattern is a combination of Nos. 2, 3 and 4. Its effectiveness is enhanced by the "suction" cups. It is a non-skid for practically the whole life of the tyre, and is GUARANTEED 3,500 MILES.



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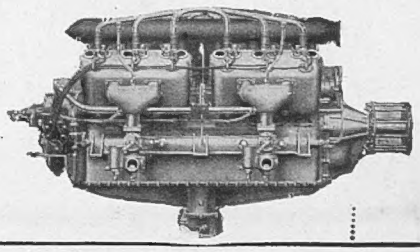
M 530

THE SUPREME SUNBEAM

Honour—twofold

DO you remember the successes always achieved by Sunbeam cars on the track—successes which gained the unqualified admiration of the entire motoring world? To-day those successes are being upheld not only by Sunbeam cars themselves, but also by Sunbeam-Coatalen Aviation engines.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,
WOLVERHAMPTON. **Manchester: 112, Deansgate.**
Agents for London and District: J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond St., W.
Dunlop Tyres are fitted to Sunbeam cars as standard.



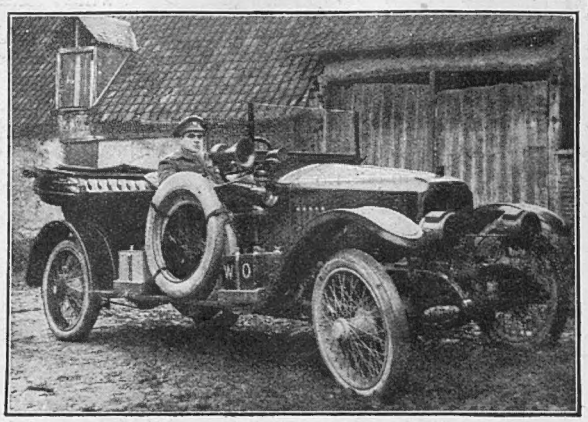
MOTORING (*concluded from page 86*)

unconscious position of a receiver of stolen property. Which is not nice.

***

Essentials of Service

THE position is that you cannot run a depôt or agency as an efficient service station except upon the hypothesis of a certain margin of profit. Cut that margin, and you are militating against efficiency and service. Abolish the one-price principle and the public never know where they are. The agent may be overcharging quite as often as undercharging, and the motorist, never being sure, is reduced to the undignified position of a higgler to the agent as huckster. You get back to primitive barter and the bickerings of the market-place. You never know when you are being robbed. You waste infinitely more time and money and nervous energy in trying to find out, than the economy you may ultimately effect will pay for; and in the end you have contributed to crushing out of existence any number of the agents on the spot who give you service in your own territory or in the territory you happen to be passing through. Therefore the Motor Trade Association is an eminently desirable institution that cannot injure the public if it wanted to (because in the final analysis the public can always refuse to buy if prices are pushed too high); that is not likely to be so pathetically purblind as to attempt to injure the public, (without which it cannot live at all); and that, whether it wanted to or not, cannot prevent itself from benefiting the public, because its whole purpose is to consolidate the motor trade and make it more efficient by eliminating the commercial thug, footpad, sandbagger, crimp, or whatever you care to call the undesirable dealer.



MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

A Staff 25 h.p. Vauxhall, which went out in 1914, is still there and running as well as ever. The despatches are unofficial, but the fact of Vauxhall service is well attested

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Look for the Sign

THE measure of its success in that direction is the measure of its utility to the public. Moreover, and this is of prime importance, it is not, and cannot be, organised to eliminate competition, because it is made up in part of competing manufacturers producing against each other for the market. While this competition exists the public interest is safeguarded. You cannot have a trust with artificially maintained prices until you have a combine of manufacturers producing the same goods. You haven't got this in the M.T.A., and, so far as I can see, you never can have it. Therefore watch for the sign of the M.T.A. on the window, over the door, and on the stationery of any motor agent you happen to be dealing with; and if it is not there, ask why. As the breakfast food advertisement has it, "there's a reason." ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Motorists! Increase the efficiency of your Electric Lighting and Starting by using a C.A.V. ACCUMULATOR. A British Battery for every purpose, and each one the best in its range.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, W.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

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THE first 15·9 h.p. car

was an Arrol-Johnston. So was the first 11·9 h.p. car. *Would* this *'point nine'* title for cars have been so widely copied by other makers, had not the original types 'made good' in both trade reputation and public estimation?

Arrol-Johnston

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